

Dying Rich

According to newspaper reports Andrew Carnegie, the iron king, retires from active business life with the trifling sum of \$100,000,000, in the shape of a first mortgage on the immense Iron and Steel Works of which from its very beginning he was the life and inspiration. The industry under his shrewd business management has grown into immense proportions. It is said that Mr. Carnegie will now devote himself to the work of a proper distribution of the enormous amount of wealth which he has accumulated. He is reported to have said "The man who dies rich dies disgraced." With the neat little sum of 100 millions, Mr. Carnegie will have a busy life before him to save him from disgrace, for he is already well up in years. "Rich" however is a relative term. Not long ago a man worth ten millions complained that he was poor. Probably if Mr. Carnegie should die with 20 or 30 millions yet in his hands he would not regard it as very much of a disgrace. The Brethren church respectfully offers its services to the gentleman in an effort to save him from the disgrace of dying rich. It would be too bad indeed, if after all the activities of life which have made Mr. Carnegie one of the richest men in the world, it would be too bad, if he should now be allowed to die in disgrace. A clean million for Ashland College and other institutions of the Brethren church, while not very much, would yet be our reasonable service in bringing the years of Mr. Carnegie to an honorable end. In behalf of the Brethren church we offer its services free in reducing that mortgage to about \$99,000,000.

The Greatest Waste

The science of economy, in government, in business, in living, has been thoroughly studied in all its multitudinous details and innumerable applications, yet since each generation must for itself learn over in large measure the lessons of the past generations, the study of economy remains forever urgent, a tense and pregnant center of thought, out of which must be evolved all the world's successes, and from the neglect of which spring so much of the world's failures. Waste, waste, waste is written upon human history in letters large and ominous; waste of opportunity, waste of energy, waste of money, and worst of all the waste of time. Bourdaloue, the celebrated Frenchman, died crying, "My God, I have wasted life; it is only just that thou shouldest recall it." How many there are who must feel that way when they near the close of life. There were the waste moments, hours, days of youth which might have been wrought into a splendid fitness for the momentous career of life. Economized, improved, they would have given us the learning of the schools, trained every faculty

to keenness and strength for the serious business of the mature years. Wasted years of youth, how many a good foundation might have been laid in them for every kind of desirable success. But they were not improved. So many never learn the value of time until the little hoard of days allotted to us has almost reached the vanishing point of eternity, and then it is too late to repair the irreparable loss. It is said that the dying queen Elizabeth would have gladly exchanged her kingdom for a short period of time. How vain the proposition when neither kingdom nor time were any longer hers. The fact is that we have kingdoms and empires in the possibilities of each day, and we waste them, we allow to escape us the tremendous opportunity, we let the glory and the splendor pass by as if we had no soul for these things. Perhaps it is true that we have no soul for the great things of God, the great successes, great victories, great destinies which may be wrought out of the little moments of time. Stop, we beseech you, that direful waste. For every moment plan something worthy of the immortal soul, worthy of time, worthy of eternity, worthy of God.

Doctor U. M. Beachly

Wednesday, April 26, 1899, at the age of a little more than three score years and ten, Doctor U. M. Beachly, Meyersdale, Pa., passed peacefully into his eternal rest. For more than a year the Doctor manfully battled against disease which at last proved an unequal conflict. In his favor were a strong Christian faith and the highest skill of the medical profession; against him was a disease which had taken a firm grip on a constitution whose vital powers, weakened by age, at last yielded to the common enemy of man. To one who was himself an eminent physician, and who had hundreds of times met and conquered disease, to him the progress of the foe in his own person was not a secret. He knew every step of the way, the victories gained and the resisting power lost. The end came at last as it will come to each one of us. In his death Meyersdale and community lose an able physician, one who had practiced medicine for almost fifty years. As a citizen the *Meyersdale Commercial* says:

In the death of Dr. Beachly the town loses a citizen who thru-out all of his manhood years was a prominent figure and factor in its social and business life. He was during his early years and during the earlier portion of our borough life a leader of men. We can not even yet fully recognize and appreciate his power in the moulding of our town. His self-sacrificing efforts all tended to the good of the borough. He was a worker then in our local government, our schools, churches and social interests. No work was too great to be undertaken for the borough's good. Improvement was his constant theme; he preached progress in season and out of season; he put his shoulders to the wheel and while leading he also worked and fought in the ranks. Especially much of the effectiveness of our schools under their early borough management was due to his energetic

efforts and advice. The borough that was named Dale City, a few years after became by a compromise Meyersdale, but it was as much a victory as a defeat for him, as it also was to the opposing forces.

But not only as a citizen will his influence for good be felt in the years that are to come, but his influence in the home and in church especially will reach thru time into eternity. Among our acquaintances we do not now recall a home where more perfect peace prevailed, where the feelings and the interests of the one were more completely the feelings and interests of the other members of the family circle. The sorrow of the one was the sorrow of all; the joy of the one was the joy of all. The secret of this perfect harmony was that of obedience on the part of the children, an obedience, founded not on fear, but born of love. But this rare gift of parental training was possessed in an equal degree by his companion, Sister Beachly, who survives him. Perhaps outside the immediate circle of the happy family no one is more perfectly familiar with the inner life of that home than the writer who was their pastor for a period of fourteen years. Many are the happy recollections and the hallowed memories of that home which cling to us and which we cherish as pearls of great price. May the dear Lord continue to hold in sweet remembrance what yet remains of that now broken family circle. Broken, did we say? No, gone before to add another to the eternal union.

As a member of the Brethren church the Meyersdale congregation will miss his helpful presence, and as a Christian the brotherhood will feel that loss which is his gain. He was one of the charter members of the Meyersdale Brethren congregation, the first one organized after the troubles in the German Baptist church, and one year prior to the division of that church. The Brethren church and its cause lay very close to his heart, of which his loyalty and ardent support is sufficient evidence. It was his delight to learn of the progress of the church, both in its growth by accretion and in the spiritual development of its members. His home was always open to the preacher, for he dearly loved the association of those who came in contact with church life in all its various phases.

The closing moments of his life gave evidence that his faith was not in vain. They were characterized by a Christian resignation possible only to those who have entered into a vital union with the Christ who giveth peace to his beloved. During all the weeks of his affliction there was the unmistakable evidence of a satisfactory religious experience, a strong Christian faith and a hope sure and steadfast. He availed himself of all the means of grace, was anointed by Brother Knepper his pastor, who also had daily devotional services with him. To him